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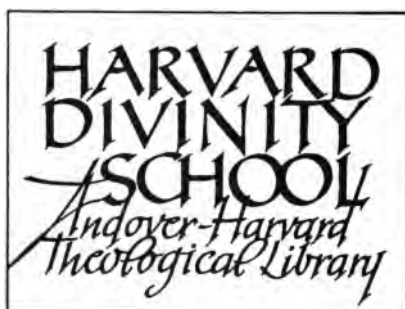
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HYMNS
FOR THE
HOSPITAL CHAPEL,
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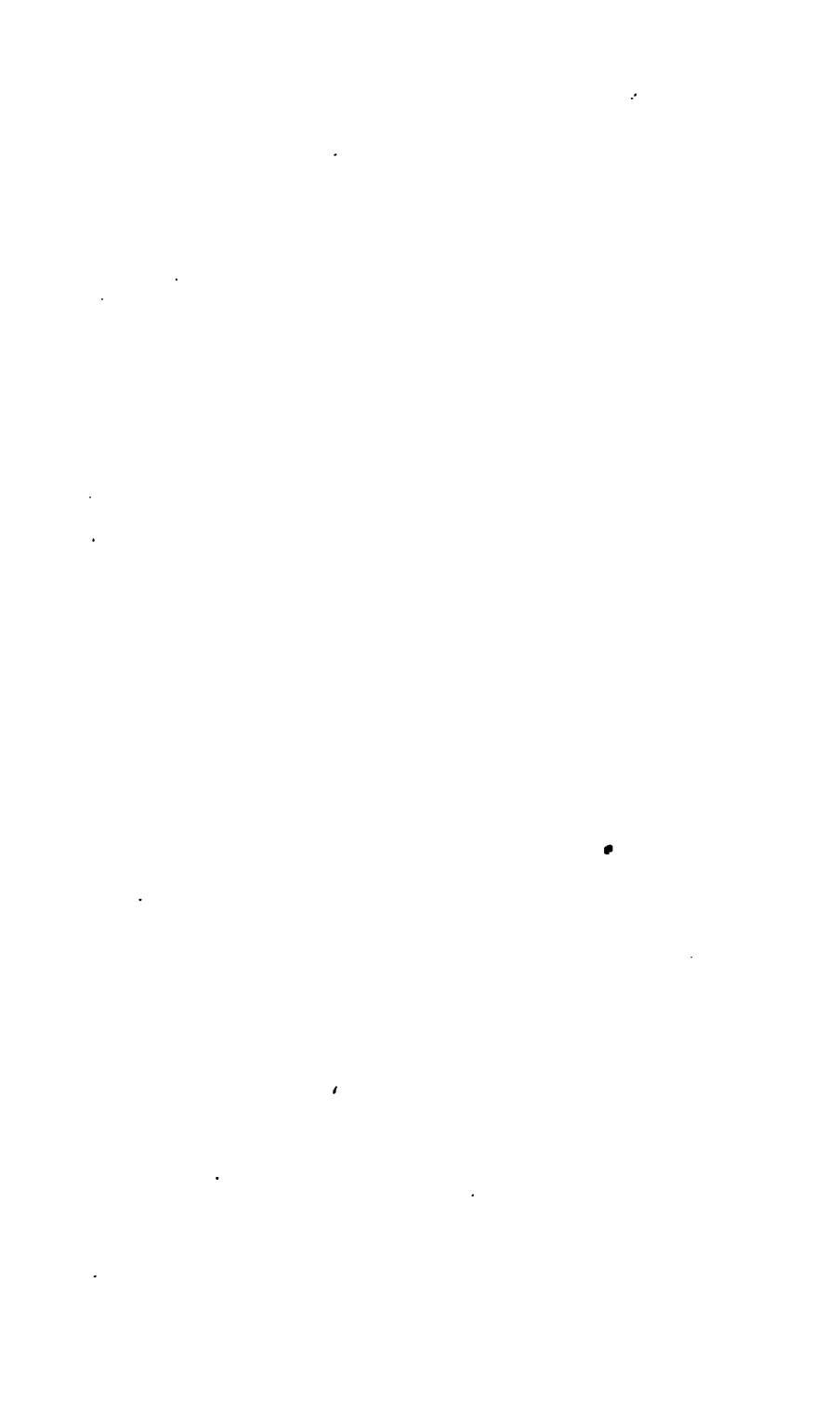
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*From the Hymns in common use in the Churches in
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HYMNS.

1. 8 & 7s M. * * *

Written for the Dedication of the Chapel.

- 1 BLESSED Lord, we hail thy mission,
Love descending from the skies,
Since on earth, by thy commission,
Public charities arise.
- 2 Glorious fields of human labor —
Thou ordained'st here to be ;—
Kindness, to his helpless neighbor,
Man, in these, can learn of thee.
- 3 When on earth thy blessing often
Soothed the mind's distracting care !
Thy kind aid was lent to soften
Ills that all our joys impair.
- 4 Lord, we ask thy blessing for us,
Guide and guard us while we live :
Light and comfort here afford us,
Cheer our hearts, our pangs relieve.
- 5 Come, ye heralds of salvation, —
Teach us here the heavenly word,
Tho' indeed a humble station, —
Dedicate it to the Lord.

2. L. M. DODDRIDGE, ALTERED.

Altered for the Dedication of the Chapel.

- 1 GREAT God, we ask thy presence now,
Before thy throne we humbly bow,
O, make this house thine earthly home,
And here indeed, "Thy kingdom come."
- 2 These walls we to thy honor raise,
Long may they echo with thy praise,
Descend we ask, and fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign, —
The purest worship here maintain,
May power divine its solace give
And minds oppress'd, revive and live.
- 4 Accept our grateful thanks, O Lord,
That we can hear, and learn thy word ;
Assembled round thy mercy seat,
Can praises sing and prayers repeat.
- 5 We thank thee Lord, that in this house,
We may henceforth repeat our vows, —
Direct us in that blessed road
That leads us straightway up to God.

3. C. M. CROSWELL.

Written for the Dedication of the Chapel.

- 1 THE dearest room of all this pile —
A pile to mercy dear —
Lord, hallow with thy gladdening smile,
And grant thy presence here !
- 2 To Thee, its walls are set apart,
Who, in our flesh enshrined,
Art pledged to heal the broken heart,
And feel for human kind.

- 3 Be here, our great perpetual Guest,
O Saviour, night and day,
To give the heavy laden rest,
And bear their griefs away !
- 4 With that still voice that melts the soul
In soothing prayer and psalm,
The tumult of our thoughts control
To thy divinest calm !
- 5 Here, tune anew the jarring sense,
Life's uncoiled springs re-wind,
And garnish for thy residence,
The mansions of the mind !
- 6 Ascend, O Son of God, thy throne,
Let Reason feel thy sway,
Till in thy light we find our own,
And darkness turn to day !

4. S. M. WATTS.

Call to Worship. Ps. 95.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord :
We are his works, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5. L. M. GREGG.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

- 1 JESUS, and can it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee ?
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor ;
My soul shall scorn it more and more.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
When I 've no sins to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
And no immortal soul to save.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Till then — nor is the boasting vain —
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
And O, may this my portion be,
That Saviour 's not ashamed of me !

6. L. M. WATTS.

The Books of Nature and Scripture. Ps. 19.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord !
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But, when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

7

- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven :
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

7. S. M. WATTS.

Universal Praise. Ps. 148.

- 1 LET every creature join
To praise the eternal God ;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame ;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.
- 4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers of snow,
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.
- 5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

8, 9 ADDRESS TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 6 By all his works above
His honours be exprest ;
But saints that taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.

8. L. M. WATTS.

Charity to the poor ; or, pity to the afflicted.

- 1 BLESSED is the man whose bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor ;
Whose soul by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow saints endure !
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do ;
He, in time of general grief,
Shall find the lord has bowels too.
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth, .
With secret blessings on his head,
When drouth, and pestilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

9. C. M. WATTS.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit ; or, fervency of devotion desired.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys :
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

10. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to our Creator. Ps. 100.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love,
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

11. L. M. WATTS.

The Pleasure of Public Worship. Ps. 84.

- 1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength ; and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.
- 5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

12. C. M. WATTS.

The morning of a Lord's day.

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face :
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power,
Through all thy temple shine ;
My God repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine !
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well, ,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King ;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

13. H. M. WATTS.

Longing for the House of God. Ps. 84.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are !
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.
- 2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest :
My spirit faints,
With equal zeal
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

- 3 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Zion's hill !
- 4 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears :
 O glorious seat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !
- 5 The Lord his people loves ;
 His hand no good withholds
 From those his heart approves,
 From pure and pious souls :
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of Hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts
 Alone in thee !

14. C. M. WATTS.

Going to Church. Ps. 122.

- 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,
 ' In Zion let us all appear,
 And keep the solemn day !'
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road ;
 The church, adorned with grace,
 Stands like a palace, built for God,
 To show his milder face.

- 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
 The holy tribes repair ;
 The Son of David holds his throne,
 And sits in judgment there.
- 4 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest :
 With holy gifts, and heavenly grace,
 Be her attendants blest.
- 5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains ;
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 There God my Saviour reigns.

15. L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The Sacrifice of the Heart.

- 1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
 Man comes to meet his maker, God,
 What rites, what honors shall he pay ?
 How spread his sovereign's praise abroad ?
- 2 From marble domes and gilded spires
 Shall curling clouds of incense rise ?
 And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
 The costly pomp of sacrifice ?
- 3 Vain, sinful man ! creation's Lord
 Thy golden offerings well may spare :
 But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
 Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

16. S. M. WATTS.

The Lord's Day ; or, Delight in Ordinances.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise ;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes !

- 2 **The King** himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is **sweeter** than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this ;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

17. C. M. DUNCAN.

The spiritual coronation.

- 1 **ALL-HAIL** the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small !
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go — spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 O, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall ;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

MORNING HYMN.

18, 19

18. S. M. WATTS.

Excellence of God's Word. Ps. 19.

- 1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way !
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light ;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just !
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.
- 5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey ;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.
- 6 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

19. 7s M. EPISCOPAL COL.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone ;
Now the morning light is come ;
Lord, may we be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.

- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight ;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand, and watch and pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound ;
Save us from our foes around ;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last ;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

20. C. M. WATTS.

Wisdom of God in his Works. Ps. 111.

- 1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God ;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.
- 2 How great the works his hand hath wrought !
How glorious in our sight !
Good men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame !
How wise the Eternal Mind !
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts designed.
- 4 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim ;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name ?
- 5 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill ;
And he 's the wisest of our race,
That best obeys thy will.

ATTRIBUTES OF GOD. 21, 22

21. L. M. WATTS.

Greatness of God. Ps. 145.

- 1 MY God, my king, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream ;
Thy mercy swift ; thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine ;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise ;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways ;
Vast and immortal be thy praise !

22. L. M. WATTS.

The Eternal and Sovereign God. Ps. 93.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns ! he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might :
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

- 2 But ere this spacious world was made
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies ;
Vain floods, that aim their rage-so high !
At thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 Forever shall thy throne endure :
Thy promise stands forever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

23. L. M. 6 l. WATTS.

Goodness and Truth of God. Ps. 146.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust ?
Princes must die and turn to dust :
Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour ;
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : he made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train ;
His truth forever stands secure :
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor ;
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind :

He sends the labouring conscience peace ;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

- 5 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

24. H. M. WATTS.

Perfections of God.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns ;
 His throne is built on high ;
 The garments he assumes
 Are light and majesty :
 His glories shine
 With beams so bright,
 No mortal eye
 Can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand
 Keep the wide world in awe ;
 His wrath and justice stand
 To guard his holy law :
 And where his love
 Resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms
 And seals the grace.
- 3 And can this mighty King
 Of glory condescend ?
 And will he write his name,
 My Father and my Friend ?
 I love his name,
 I love his word ;
 Join all my powers
 And praise the Lord.

25. H. M. WATTS.

God's Mercies of Creation and Redemption. Ps. 136.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord ;
The sovereign King of kings ;
And be his grace adored.
His power and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise.
- 2 How mighty is his hand !
What wonders hath he done !
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure ;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.
- 3 He sent his only Son
To save us from our wo,
From darkness, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise.
- 4 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King ;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure ;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

26. C. M. WATTS.

God our Refuge. Ps. 27.

- 1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace,"
My heart replied without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."
- 2 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want or die,
My God will make my life his care,
And all my need supply.
- 3 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed
To see thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceived.
- 4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up :
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

27. L. M. 6 l. ADDISON.

God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,

28 TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE.

Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill ;
For thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

28. L. M.

- 1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear !
Fear shall in me no more have place ;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face :
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield ?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.
- 3 Barren although my soul remain,
And not one bud of grace appear,
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin, and only sin is here :
Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see ;
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he died for me.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. 29, 30

- 4 In hope believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim,
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesus' name.
To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind ;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

29. L. M.

The earthly and the heavenly Sabbath.

- 1 AGAIN our weekly labours end,
And we the Sabbath's call attend ;
Improve, our souls, the sacred rest,
And seek to be for ever blest.
- 2 This day let our devotions rise
To heaven, a grateful sacrifice ;
And God that peace divine bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.
- 3 This holy calm within the breast
Prepares for that eternal rest,
Which for the sons of God remains ;
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away :
How sweet the Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end !

30. S. M.

The Church is the honor and safety of a Nation.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great ;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

31 PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

- 2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand !
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress ;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces !
- 4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair ;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

31. 7s M. MERRICK.

God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.

- 1 Lo, my shepherd's hand divine !
Want shall never ~~more~~ be mine :
In a pasture fair and large
~~He~~ shall feed his happy charge.
- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that still and slow
Through the verdant meadows flow.
- 3 He my soul anew shall frame,
And, his mercy to proclaim,
When ~~through~~ devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.
- 4 Thou my plenteous board hast spread ;
Thou with oil refreshed my head :
Filled by thee my cup o'erflows ;
For thy love no limit knows.
- 5 Constant, to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend,
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

32. L. M. STEELE.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measures of my days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span ;
A little point my life appears :
How frail, at best, is dying man !
How vain are all his hopes and fears !
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise and show ;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind :
He heaps up treasures mix'd with wo,
And dies, and leaves them all behind,
- 4 O be a nobler portion mine !
My God, I bow before thy throne :
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

33. S. M. S—.

A morning hymn.

- 1 SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way ;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every bright'ning ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul,
Its heavenly parent sing ;
And to its great Original,
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care ;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near !
- 4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee ;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

34, 35 DOCTRINES OF THE GOSPEL.

34. L. M. ADDISON.

Being of God proclaimed by creation.

- 1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, etherial sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim,
- 2 The unwearied sun from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display ;
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound ;
Amid their radiant orbs be found :
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
Forever singing, as they shine,
' The hand that made us is divine.'

35. C. M.

The guiding Star.

- 1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

- 2 But lo ! a brighter, clearer light,
Now points to his abode,
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.
- 3 O haste to follow where it leads ;
The gracious call obey ;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.
- 4 O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given ;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heaven.

36. S. M. WATTS.

Mercy of God to soul and body.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the sufferers rest ;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppress'd.
- 5 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

37, 38

PRIVATE WORSHIP.

37. S. M. WATTS.

God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.

- 1 THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied :
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days ;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

38. S. M. WATTS.

Communion of saints ; or, love and worship in a family.

- 1 Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

- 2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.
- 4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

39. C. M. RIPPON'S SELEC.

The inspired word, a system of knowledge and joy.

- 1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way ;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

40. S. M. S. STENNET.

The pleasures of social worship.

- 1 How charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad !

- 2 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents :
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 3 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts ;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, a place,
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

20. L. M. WATTS.

God and his Church : or, Grace and Glory.

- 1 GREAT God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs ;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place,
Within thy house, O God of grace ;
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt my feet to leave the door.
- 3 God is our Sun, he makes our day ;
God is our Shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God our King, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man who trusts in thee.

42. H. M. WATTS.

God, our Preserver. Ps. 121.

- 1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes ;
From God is all my aid ;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made :
God is the tower
To which I fly ;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes,
Which never sleep,
Shall Israel keep,
When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.
- 4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death ?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

43, 44 GOD'S PROVIDENCE — CHRIST.

43. L. M. WATTS.

Divine Protection. Ps. 121.

- 1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies ;
Thence all her help my soul derives ;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives ; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood ;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch ; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.
- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord ; his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

44. 7s M. COLLYER.

Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb !
Jesus dissipates its gloom !
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise !

- 2 Christians, dry your flowing tears ;
Chase those unbelieving fears ;
Look on his deserted grave ;
Doubt no more his power to save.
- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scatter'd shade ;
Drive your anxious fears away ;
See the place where Jesus lay !
- 4 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres ;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

45. C. M. WATTS.

Love to the Creatures dangerous.

- 1 How vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky,
Give but a flatt'ring light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood —
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God !
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense ?
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food ;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

46, 47 PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

46. C. M. ADDISON.

God's merciful and constant Protection.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face ;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 6 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I 'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

47. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Salvation approaching.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high !
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

- 2 Swift on the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near :
Then gladly view each closing day,
And each revolving year !
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature speed your course ;
Ye mortal powers, decay ;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

48. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Message.

- 1 HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the treasure of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

49. L. M. WATTS.

A Psalm for the Lord's Day.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast :
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 Then shall I see and hear and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

50. L. M. WATTS.

Delight in the Worship of the Sabbath.

- 1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand ;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above ;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true ;
They who attend his gates shall find
God ever faithful—ever kind.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY. 51, 52

51. 7s M. COWPER.

Christ, the Refuge from the Storm. Deut. xxxiii, 27.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is nigh !
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide ;
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone —
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness ;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

52. S. M. WATTS.

Blessedness of Gospel Times.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
'Zion, behold thy Saviour king,
He reigns and triumphs here.'

- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light ;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight !
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad :
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

53. L. M WATTS.

Universal praise to God.

- 1 Loud hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds, where creatures dwell :
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.
- 2 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known ;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 3 Jehovah ! — tis a glorious word !
Oh ! may it dwell on every tongue !
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 4 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord :
From all below — and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord !

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. 54, 55

54. C. M. COWPER.

Walking with God.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

55. 7s M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

Prayer for the Enlargement of the Church.

- 1 ON thy church, O Power divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine;
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star.
- 2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

56, 57 DOCTRINES OF THE GOSPEL.

56. S. M.

Birth of the Saviour.

- 1 WE come with joyful song,
To hail this happy morn :
Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,
“ This day is Jesus born !”
- 2 What transports doth his name
To sinful men afford !
His glorious titles we proclaim—
A Saviour—Christ—the Lord !
- 3 Glory to God on high,
All hail the happy morn :
We join the anthems of the sky—
And sing —“ The Saviour's born !”

57. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Salvation by grace, from the first to the last.

- 1 GRACE ! — 'tis a charming sound !
Harmonious to the ear !
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all its steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road :
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days :
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

58, 59

58. S. M. WATTS.

The Books of Nature and Scripture. Ps. 19.

- 1 BEHOLD ! the lofty sky
Declares its Maker, God ;
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same ;
While night to day, and day to night
Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In every different land
Their general voice is known ;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye christian lands, rejoice !
Here he reveals his word ;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.
- 5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes ;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.
- 6 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

59. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Christmas Hymn.

- 1 CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains !

- 2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there ;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply ;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God !" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems sing —
"Peace to the earth — good will to men,
From heaven's Eternal King !"
- 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !
The Saviour now is born !
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

60. C. M. WATTS.

Humility and Submission. Ps. 131.

- 1 Is there ambition in my heart ?
Search, gracious God, and see ;
Or do I act a haughty part ?
Lord, I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild ;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.
- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind
Shall have a large reward :
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

DEVOUT AFFECTIONS.

61, 62

61. S. M. FAWCETT.

Parting of Christian Friends.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear,
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign,
Through all eternity.

62. S. M. WATTS.

Seeking God. Ps. 63.

- 1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine ;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

- 2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore ;
Not travelers, in desert lands,
Can pant for water more.
- 3 For life without thy love
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compared to this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps :
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

63. C. M. WATTS.

Christ our Strength and Righteousness.

- 1 My Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace ?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore ;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road ;
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father God.
- 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness ;
And mention none but thine.

LIFE, DEATH AND FUTURITY. 64 , 65

64. P. M. MILMAN.

At a Funeral.

- 1 **BROTHER**, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
- 2 Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail :
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
- 3 'Earth to earth,' and 'dust to dust,'
The solemn priest hath said ;
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed :
But thy spirit, brother ! soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

65. C. M. WATTS.

Protection, Victory, and Deliverance. Ps. 91.

- 1 **YE** sons of men, a feeble race,
Exposed to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try, and trust his care.

66 LIFE, DEATH AND FUTURITY.

- 2 He 'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways :
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.
- 3 ' Because on me they set their love,
I 'll save them, saith the Lord,
I 'll bear their joyful souls above
Destruction and the sword.
- 4 ' My grace shall answer when they call ;
In trouble I 'll be nigh ;
My power shall help them when they fall,
And raise them when they die.
- 5 ' Those that on earth my name have known,
I 'll honor them in heaven :
There my salvation shall be shown,
And endless life be given.'

66. L. M. WATTS.

At a Funeral.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb !
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in thy dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch its soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed ;
Then rest, dear saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word !
Restore thy trust ! the glorious form
Shall then arise, to meet the Lord.

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY. 67, 68

67. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Year crowned with Divine Goodness. Ps. 65.

- 1 ETERNAL source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land ;
The summer-rays, with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise :
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light, and evening shade.
- 5 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes ;
Still we will make thy mercies known
Around thy board, and round our own.
- 6 O may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

68. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Praising God in all Changes.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
My Father and my God ;
I 'll sing the honors of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

69 DEVOUT AFFECTIONS.

- 2 In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear ;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each lengthening year.
- 3 In all these mercies may my soul
A father's bounty see ;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.
- 4 Teach me in time of deep distress
To own thy hand, my God ;
And in submissive silence hear
The lessons of thy rod.
- 5 In every changing state of life,
Each bright, each gloomy scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.
- 6 Then will I close my eyes in death,
Free from distressing fear ;
For death itself is life, my God,
If thou art with me there.

69. C. M. WATTS.

Safety of trusting in God.

- 1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains stand ;
Firm as a rock—the soul shall rest,
That trusts th' almighty hand.
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Fair Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.
- 3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on ;
Oh may we reach the blest abode,
Where Christ our Lord is gone.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY. 70, 71

70. L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The Righteous blessed in Death.

- 1 How bless'd the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell ;
How bright the unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
'How bless'd the righteous when he dies !'

71. 8 & 7s M. J. NEWTON.

The City of God.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God !
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.
- 2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

- 3 See ! the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
- 4 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage ?
 Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

72. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

On opening a place of worship.

- 1 GREAT father of mankind,
 We bless that wondrous grace,
 Which could for Gentiles find
 Within thy courts a place.
 How kind the care
 Our God displays,
 For us to raise
 A house of prayer !
- 2 Though once estranged afar,
 We now approach the throne ;
 For Jesus brings us near,
 And makes our cause his own :
 Strangers no more,
 To thee we come,
 And find our home,
 And rest secure.
- 3 May all the nations throng
 To worship in thy house ;
 And thou attend their song,
 And smile upon their vows ;
 Indulgent still,
 Till earth conspire
 To join the choir
 On Zion's hill.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY. 73, 74

73. L. M. BROWNE.

For the Guidance of the Holy Spirit.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide ;
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may not depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest ;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

74. 7s M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

Birth of Christ.

- 1 HAIL, all hail the joyful morn !
Tell it forth from earth to heaven,
That to us a child is born,
That to us a Son is given.
- 2 Angels bending from the sky
Chanted at the wondrous birth ;
'Glory be to God on high,
Peace—good will to man on earth.'
- 3 Join we then our feeble lays,
To the chorus of the sky ;
And, in songs of grateful praise,
Glory give to God on high.

75, 76 PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

75. S. M. WATTS.

Safety of trusting in God.

- 1 FIRM and unmoved are they,
 Who rest their souls on God ;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
 Or where the ark abode.
- 2 As mountains stood to guard
 The city's sacred ground,
So God, and his almighty love,
 Embrace his saints around.
- 3 Deal gently, Lord, with those,
 Whose faith and holy fear,
Whose hope, and love, and every grace,
 Proclaim their hearts sincere.

76. L. M. WATTS.

Perfections of God combined in his Government.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns — his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty ;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe ;
His justice guards his holy law ;
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs ;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.
- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my father and my friend ?
Then let my songs with angels join ;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

77, 78

77. 7 & 6s M. BP. HEBER.

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

78. C. M. WATTS.

The Vanity of Man as Mortal.

- 1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame ;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time ;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.

- 3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show ;
Some dig for golden ore ;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish, or wait for then,
From creatures, earth, and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall ;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

79. C. M. WESLEY.

Confidence and joy in God. Hab. iii, 17, 18.

- 1 ALTHO' the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' the olive yield no oil ;
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The field delude the tiller's toil ;—
- 2 Altho' the stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race ;
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.
- 3 Tho' comfortless my soul remain,
And not a gleam of light appear ;
Tho' joy be sought, and sought in vain,
And though despair itself be near ;—
- 4 Altho' assurance all be lost,
And blooming hopes cut off I see ;
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he died for me.

LOVE—PUBLIC WORSHIP. 80, 81

80. S. M. BEDDOME.

All one in Christ.

- 1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread :
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above ;
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

81. L. M. WATTS.

Pleasing Remembrance of the Sabbath.

- 1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee !
At once they sing — at once they pray —
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go :
'Tis like the dawn of heaven below :
Not all that careless sinners say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 Oh write upon my memory, Lord,
The truths and precepts of thy word !
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
That, finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

82. S. P. M. WATTS.

Going to Church. Ps. 122.

- 1 How pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

83. 7s M. WILLARD'S COL.

Peacemakers are Children of God.

- 1 Lo, they come from east and west;
Come to enjoy the heavenly rest:
North and south, in bliss complete,
Round the eternal altar meet.
- 2 Countless host! how great! how blest!
Wondrous joy, and peace, and rest!
What shall fit us, Lord, for this?
Fit our souls for heavenly bliss?
- 3 Peace on earth, and peace alone;
Peace, which makes all churches one;
Peace, the fruit of Christian love,
Fits the soul for peace above.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY. 84, 85

84. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

For the Beginning or End of the Year.

- 1 My helper, God ! I bless his name ;
The same his power, his grace the same :
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.
- 2 I midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand ;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far his arm hath led me on ;
Thus far I make his mercy known ;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New blessings shall new songs demand.

85. C. M. WATTS.

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom. Ps. 98.

- 1 Joy to the world ! the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King :
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

86, 87 DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

86. 8, 7 & 4. ROBINSON.

God the Pilgrim's Guide. Ps. xlviii, 14.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, the chrystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong deliv'rer !
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises —
I will ever give to thee.

87. C. M. WATTS.

The heavenly Canaan.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green :
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeckoned eyes ;—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream — nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

88. L. M. WATTS.

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles. Ps. 72.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run :
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

89, 90 INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

89. L. M. WATTS.

Blessedness of fearing and obeying God.

- 1 THrice happy man ! who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands—and trusts his word :
Honor and peace his days attend,
And blessings on his seed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclined ;
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them not to be repaid.
- 3 His soul, well fixed upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word ;
Amid the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.
- 4 He hath dispersed his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God ;
His name on earth shall long remain,
Nor shall his hope of heaven be vain.

90. C. M. WATTS.

Christ's First and Second Coming.

- 1 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue ;
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son ;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea ;
Ye mountains, sink, ye vallies, rise ;
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 5 Behold, he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God ;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.
- 6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near ;
How will the guilty nations dread,
To see their Judge appear !

91. S. M. WATTS.

Frailty and Shortness of Life. Ps. 90.

- 1 LORD, what a feeble piece,
Is this our mortal frame !
Our life, how poor a trifle 't is,
That scarce deserves the name !
- 2 Alas ! 't was brittle clay
That built our body first !
And every month and every day
'T is mouldering back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay ;
Just like a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly,
We 'll keep their end in sight ;
We 'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They 'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea :
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

92. C. M. BROWN.

Languid Devotion Lamented.

- 1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams ;
And yet how slow devotion burns !
How languid are its flames !
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love ;
Our follies, Lord, forgive ;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
And Sabbaths never end ; —
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air —
With heavenly lustre shine —
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.
- 5 There shall we join, and never tire,
To sing immortal lays ;
And with the bright, seraphic choir,
Sound forth Immanuel's praise.

93. L. M. WATTS.

Common and Spiritual Mercies.

- 1 We bless the Lord, the just and good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food ;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground ;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death :
Safety and health to God belong ;
He helps the weak and guards the strong.
- 4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love :
But the wide difference that remains,
Is endless joys and endless pains.
- 5 His own right hand his saints shall raise,
From the deep earth, or deeper seas ;
And bring them to his courts above,
There to enjoy his perfect love.

94. L. M. H. K. WHITE.

The Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 WHEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky ;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks ;
It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem :
When suddenly a star arose ;
It was the star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And, through the storm and dangers thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

95, 96 THE CHURCH—ETERNITY.

95. S. M. * * *

The Church.

- 1 LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting place above
The cheerless waters found ;
- 2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All the wide world to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door ;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul no more.
- 4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

96. S. M. * * *

Eternity.

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found !
Rest for the weary soul ? —
'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh :
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years —
And all that life is Love.

LIFE, DEATH, AND FUTURITY 97, 98

97. L. M. * * *

I have set God always before me. Ps. xvi, 9.

- 1 SAVIOUR! when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee!
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.
- 2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn;
Thee, victor of the grave and hell;
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.
- 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee, my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of Lords and King of kings.
- 4 O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To Thee, with whom I trust to live.

98. C. M. WATTS.

The Hope of Heaven our Support in Trials.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all —
- 3 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

99, 100 FREE GRACE — VIRTUE.

99. 12s M. THORNBY.

Free Grace.

1 THE voice of free grace cries, 'Escape to the mountain,'
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows so freely in streams of salvation.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought us a pardon,
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, to the Saviour repair,
Now he calls you in mercy — and can you forbear?
Though your sins are increased as high as a mountain,
His blood can remove them—it flows from the fountain.

3 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than victorious;
With shouting proclaim it — oh trust in his passion,
He saves us most freely — oh precious salvation!

4 Our Jesus his name now proclaims all victorious,
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious:
To Jesus we'll join with the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.

5 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation forever and ever!

100. P. M. LUTH. COLL.

Happiness found in personal virtue.

1 IF solid happiness we prize,
Within the breast the jewel lies;
And they're unwise who roam.
The world has little to bestow:
From our own selves our joys must flow;
Our bliss begins at home.

2 To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient, when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given:
This is the wise, the virtuous part;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance reaches heaven.

CHRIST—SCRIPTURES. 101, 102

101. C. M. PATRICK.

Nativity of Christ.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 'Fear not,' said he — for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind —
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
- 3 'To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign :
- 4 'The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address their joyful song ;
- 6 'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace !
Good will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease !'

102. C. M. WATTS.

Excellence of the Scriptures. Ps. 119.

- 1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look !

103, 104 A MORNING HYMN.

- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
 Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;
 But thine conduct to heaven.
- 3 I 've seen an end of what we call
 Perfection here below ;
How short the powers of nature fall,
 And can no farther go !
- 4 Our faith and love, and every grace,
 Fall far below thy word ;
But perfect truth and righteousness
 Dwell only with the Lord.

103. L. M. BP. KEN.

A morning hymn.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Lord ! I my vows to thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 3 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

104. C. M. WATTS.

The Seasons of the Year. Ps. 147.

- 1 With songs and honors sounding loud,
 Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.

- 2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
- 4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.
- 5 He sends his word, and melts the snow ;
The fields no longer mourn :
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
- 6 The changing wind, the flying cloud
Obey his mighty word :
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

105. L. M. CHAPEL LITURGY.

Sunday Morning Hymn.

- 1 Called by the Sabbath bells away,
Unto thy holy temple, Lord,
I'll go, with willing mind, to pray,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word.
- 2 O sacred day of peace and joy,
Thy hours are ever dear to me,
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
The holy calm I find in thee.
- 3 Dear are thy peaceful hours to me,
For God has given them in his love,
To tell how calm, how blest shall be
The endless day of heaven above.

106, 107 DISMISSION HYMN.

106. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Voice of Divine Pardon.

- 1 MY Father, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the words of peace,
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate the grace.
- 2 With gentle smile call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven,
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
All like the harps of heaven.
- 3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread ;
Cheerful I 'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.
- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know ;
That hand which scatters pardons down,
Shall crowns of life bestow.

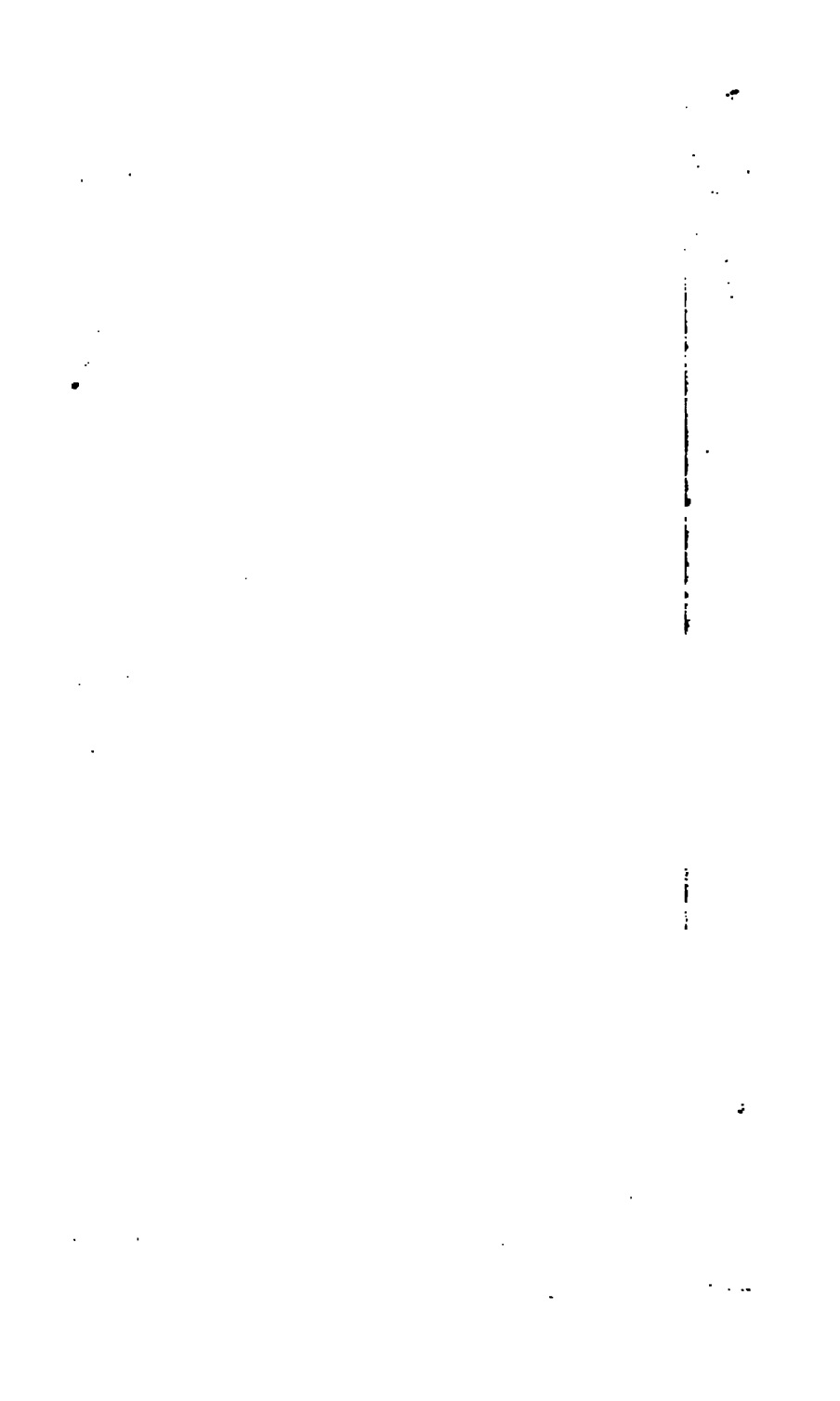
107. 8 & 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

Dismission.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace ;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase :
Fill each breast with consolation ;
Up to thee our hearts we raise :
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.
Hallelujah !







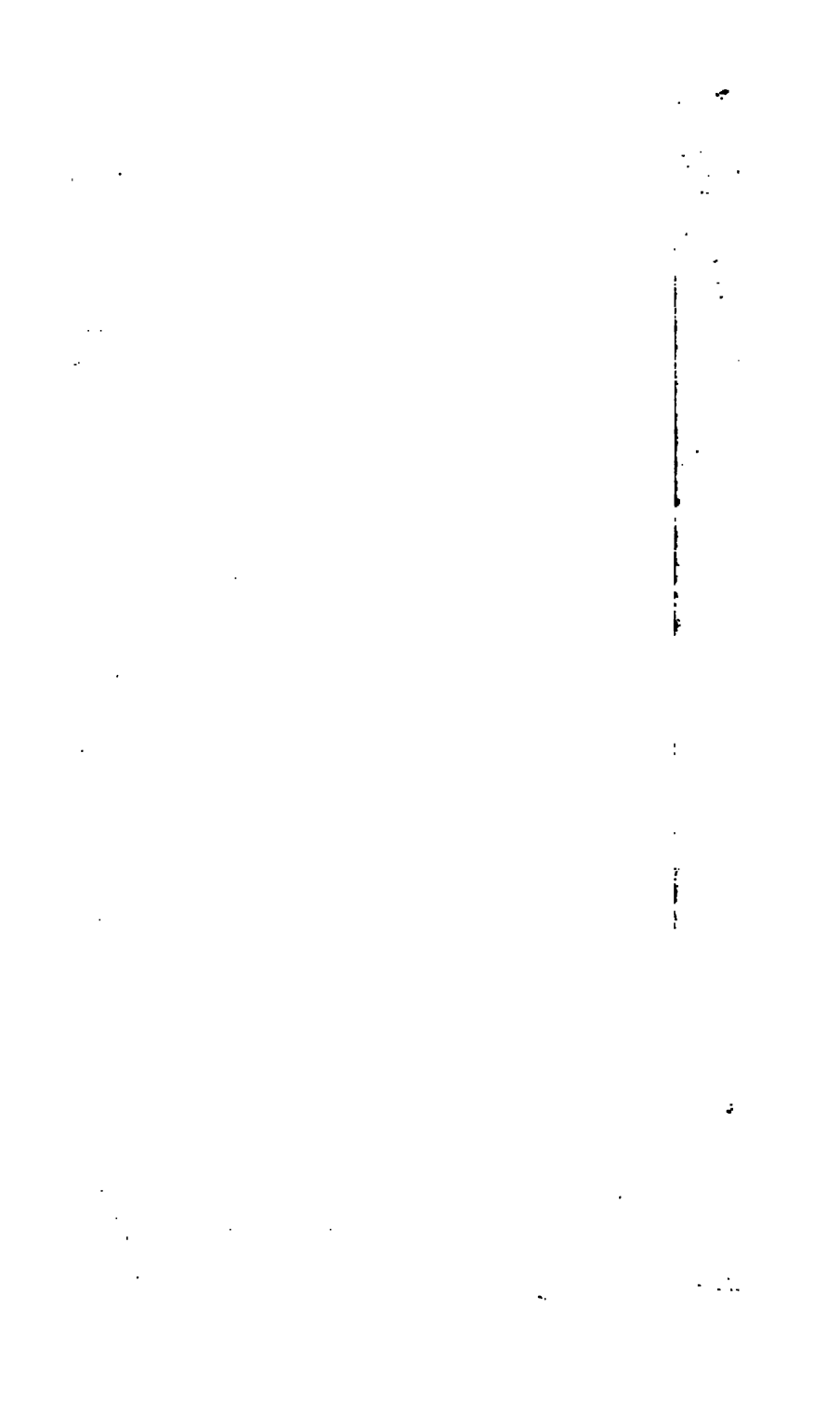
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Hymns for the hospital chapel, Wore
Andover-Harvard

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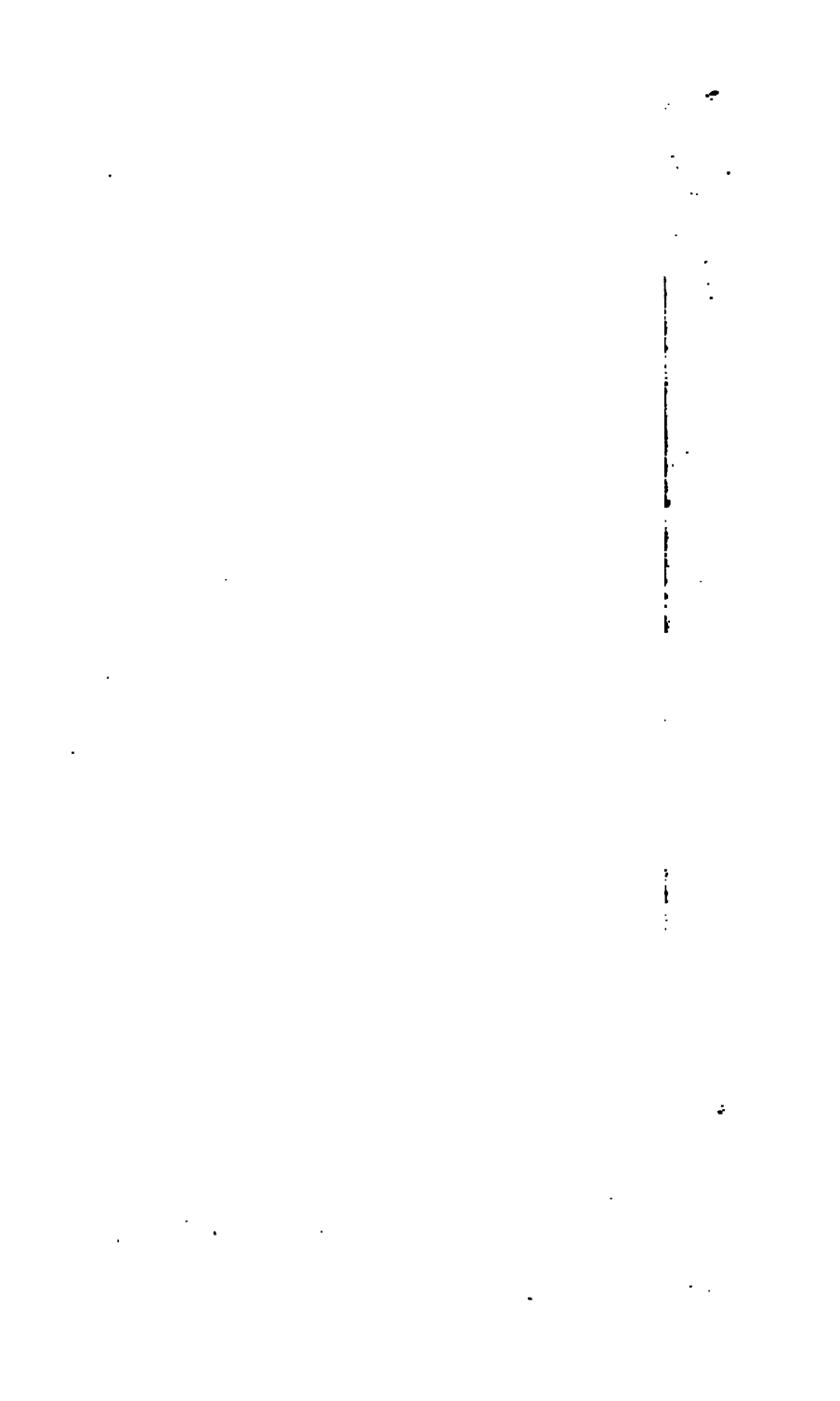
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Hymns for the hospital chapel, Wore
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